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UNITY

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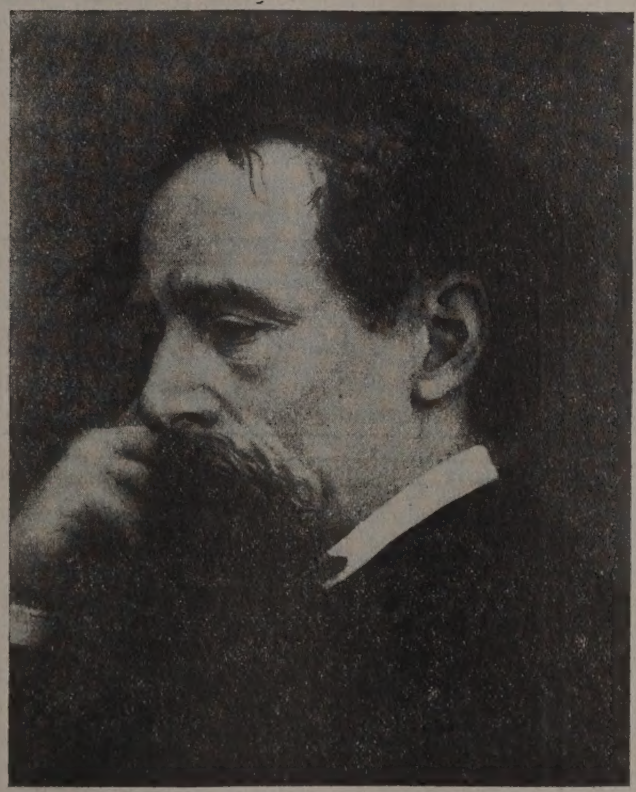
Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



CHARLES DICKENS
1812—1912

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1912. NUMBER 4.

A DICKENS' BANQUET.

In a hundred years, a day, a week, or a month does not count for much. The fame and power of Dickens is enough to fill this Centennial Year with love, cheer and glory. Unity has not been unmindfull of the significance of the one hundredth anniversary of Charles Dickens' birth. Neither has it in this as in many other cases been fretted with the editorial anxiety of "timeliness."

We know of no better way to discharge at one time our debt of gratitude to Charles Dickens and our obligation to the readers of UNITY than by inviting them all to join in the centennial banquet that was given in honor of Charles Dickens at the UNITY headquarters, the Abraham Lincoln Centre, in Chicago on Wednesday evening, February 21, last.

It so happened that the day proved to be a record-breaker in point of weather. All day a terrific blizzard swept through the Chicago streets, outdoing the fame of the Windy City. The snow fell in blankets, people were literally blown off the streets, street cars were blocked, telephones were muffled, and all communication with the outer world broken. During the day it seemed even to the most heroic members of the committee that all the preparations were in vain, and ominous consultations were held as to whether the banquet which was to celebrate a century of joy and good-will should be called off.

But the turkeys were baked, the tables were set, the merry groups of waiters in Dickens' costume were gathered. Above the numerous tables hung the titles of the Dickens' books. Back of the long tables where the speakers were to sit was displayed the provoking title of "Great Expectations." So the banquet was on, and to the surprise of everybody involved, the spirit of Dickens triumphed over the blizzard. Over one hundred and eighty people sat down to tables that, barring the "liquid cheer" ever present at the countless Dickens banquet tables, equaled them in toothsome attractions. Soon the fifty vacant chairs and the few absent speakers were forgotten for the time, in the joy and inspiration of the occasion. Of course, there were keen appetites at a Dickens' banquet. Of course there was gracious serving and ample provisions at Dickens' tables. All this must be taken for granted at this reassembling of the banqueters around the UNITY board.

But so much of the intellectual and spiritual desert as can be impressed in cold type is here presented with no editorial apologies for the surrender of the UNITY pages to this "feast of reason and flow of soul."

BANQUET PROGRAM, FEBRUARY 21, 1912.

"It was a dinner to provoke an appetite, though he had not had one."

MENU

Oyster Cocktail

Roast Turkey — Cranberry Jelly

Mashed Potatoes — Mashed Turnips

Pickled Onions

Fruit Salad — Cheese Balls

Jam Tarts

Ice Cream and Cake

Coffee — Candy

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

"Do I unuderstand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hung."

A man to confide in, and look up to as a leader, in the midst of any great peril.—Arthur Helps.

PROGRAM

A. L. Penhallow .....Chairman
Jenkin Lloyd Jones .....Toastmaster
Greetings from the Committee.....Miss Florence Holbrook
Dickens at the "Centre".....Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly
My Recollections of Dickens.....Franklin H. Head
In Dickens' Land.....Miss Evelyn H. Walker
Dickens as An Educator.....W. B. Owen
The Dickens' Children.....Mrs. Twing Brooks Wiggin
Law Courts and their Representatives..Judge A. N. Waterman
Some Minor Characters of Dickens..Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley
Dickens as a Caricaturist.....S. E. Kiser
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.....Mrs. Stephen M. B. Hunt
"The Feathers and Gore Business".....Rev. Charles E. Beals
Our Mutual Friend.....C. G. Blanden
The Dickens that Survives

The good, the gentle, high-gifted and friendly, noble Dickens, —every inch of him an honest man.—Thomas Carlyle.

Mr. A. L. Penhallow, Chairman Board of Trustees All Souls Church:

"He that harbors within his heart the love of truth, shall live and not die, for he hath drunk of the waters of immortality." So said one of the sages of old. It was this love of truth that made Charles Dickens one of the immortals. At the present time, men may differ as to his rank as a novelist, but they do not differ as to his power to see breadth, the outward circumstance, the real humanity within.

It seems altogether appropriate that in a building dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, Democrat, we should honor tonight the memory of Charles Dickens, Democrat. Each was a friend of the humble; each was a lover of children; and each is secure in his place among the world's greatest. The details of Dickens' life and influence I leave to those who will speak tonight, and to that end I present to you as toastmaster, Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

THE TOASTMASTER:

All this talk about a raging storm going on tonight is a mistake. At least in this presence all is calm and delightful. For once the mandate of Thomas Carlyle, the great friend of Charles Dickens, has been realized in America. He said that the London climate was so wretched that they who would survive it must needs manufacture their own climate. Tonight we will manufacture our own climate.

The chairman of the committee who has arranged this and other events in the Dickens month at the Lincoln Centre, is one who has done much to interpret the spirit of Charles Dickens and other masters of literature to successive generations of school children in Chicago. The first word of greeting should be spoken by this chairman, the irrepressible and constructive Florence Holbrook, principal of Forestville school.

DICKENS AT THE "CENTRE."

Miss Florence Holbrook.

What every woman really knows is that the position of chairman of a committee is a sinecure. The only thing for her to do is to choose the members of her committee with rare discernment and with a knowledge of their fitness for the high position and their honorable zeal in performing their duty.

How excellent a chairman I have been is evident by these present—the result of the efforts of the members of my committee!

It is a great pleasure for me to welcome so many friends of the great writer whose work we honor tonight. You will hear much of his ability, charm and fame from those who are well able to express in prose and verse the love in the hearts of us all.

To me as a teacher, the interest of Charles Dickens in schools and all things educational, the inspiration his writings kindle for higher ideals in education, his valiant championship of the kindergarten idea when first introduced into England and most needing friends, have appealed with greatest force. Teachers cannot afford to be without the onward push, the divine zeal that the study of his ideas and ideals engenders.

I should like to suggest that this meeting in some suitable and effective way express to the superintendent of schools and the Board of Education its desire to have the name of the great writer given to one of our great public schools. Let the name of Charles Dickens be kept green in the hearts of the children whom he loved, whom he understood and whose best interests he untiringly advanced.

THE TOASTMASTER:

I have a telegram here from Michigan City: "Snow bound. Am afraid I can't get there.—A. L. K."

Mrs. Kelly had a definite word to say tonight concerning "Dickens at the Centre,"—that means at the Lincoln Centre and its antecedents, for those of us who have worked around these corners for over a quarter of a century know that in several different seasons, the Novel Section, of which Mrs. Kelly was captain, concerned itself delightfully with Charles Dickens, and if Mrs. Kelly had been here she would have conjured up before the eyes of the "Old Guard" here, some charming scenes, delightful memories and some high emotions.

[A part of what Mrs. Kelly would have said is here reproduced.]

DICKENS AT THE "CENTRE."

Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly.

An audacious playwright lately produced a play in which the disembodied spirit of a dear old man visited his old home, and himself unseen and unheard, exercised a benignant influence upon the lives and fortunes of those who had in life been nearest and dearest to him. As we sit here tonight, assembled for the express purpose of doing honor to a beloved friend who has dropped benedictions into the hearts and brains of so many during the last fifty years, it would not be difficult,—would it?—to imagine that he is sitting quietly in yonder corner, listening with that gentle, whimsical smile of his, and perhaps speaking to us. Why, yes, can't you hear him? Some of us remember hearing that voice in Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn nearly fifty years ago, and we are not likely to forget it. We can't quite see him—yet, but that will come, perhaps at the next centennial.

Some of you in this big room do not hear him? All right, I will tell you what he says. He says he thinks he ought to have a chance to make a few remarks at his own centennial banquet. Indeed, that would appear to be a self-evident proposition, and the toastmaster says,—at least his smile says, that this is Charles Dickens' night; the meeting is his to do as he wishes. So, go ahead, dear old friend, we will pass it along.

And here is what he is saying: "Merry Christmas, everybody! Do you know, I have been busy these last few months peeping over the ramparts of heaven, and listening to all the nice things everybody in this little old earth has been saying about me in this centennial year, and so it has seemed like Christmas all the time.

"Oh, no, you need not introduce me here. It is I who should welcome you all tonight, for I am

at home; there is always waiting for me a cozy place in the very center of the Centre, in the hearts and memories of countless good friends who have loved and honored me in this building and across the way.

"Why, your Novel Section sometimes threatened to develop into a Dickens Club; every year in planning for the coming season's work, many faithful friends voted enthusiastically for another winter with Charles Dickens. Of course, I had to stand aside sometimes and give a chance to my friend Thackeray; to my great rival across the Channel, Victor Hugo; to Shakespeare and Plato, and Charles Reade and Hawthorne, and Tolstoi and a lot of other folks who have been trying to cut me out in these later years, but when they wanted a real, jolly winter, a good time to remember all their lives, they studied my "Tale of Two Cities," "Little Dorritt," "Hard Times," "Barnaby Rudge," or "Martin Chuzzlewit," and I never missed a meeting; sometimes there were only a few of us, for nearly all the big storms seemed to come on Novel Section Monday, but some of us always got there and had a beautiful time. Then every few years we would have Dickens tableaux or a pageant, and then all the blessed children of my heart and brain would be here: Little Nell and Dick Swiveller, Dora, and Florence Dombey, Mrs. Gummage and Capt. Cuttle, Uriah Heep and Sam Weller, the Mantallinis and Mme. Defarge, all stepping out of the pages of my books, greeting each other and speaking my name in loving accents, just like a big family party. Is it any wonder I begin to feel sure it's Christmas whenever I come around here?

"Any man, dead or alive, likes to be where he is loved and admired. That's why I am here tonight; that's why I stretch my hand across the spaces of time and distance that only seem to divide us, and bring to you the message that is just as appropriate amid the blasts of a Chicago February gale as it was under the quiet stars that shone above the manger-cradle in Bethlehem,—'Peace on earth, good-will to men.' Merry Christmas, everybody."

THE TOASTMASTER:

Other regrets came over the wire this afternoon,, from one who, all things considered, I am inclined to think is entitled to the distinction of being called "Chicago's Grand Old Man," —the open-hearted and open-handed and always ready friend of all culture and progress, and still one who for many years has had the confidence of the business world—Mr. Franklin H. Head. He said: "I can't give it up. I want to be with you tonight, Jones, because I have something to say to the generation that will be represented there, for I knew Charles Dickens; I visited in his home and I lived in his genius." What he would have given us would have come straight from his heart. Outside there is good reason why the venerable Franklin Head is not here; inside it is hard for us to realize why they are not all here.

[We are fortunate in being able to secure from Mr. Head an outline of the matter which would have been presented at the banquet by him, and print it below.]

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF DICKENS.

Franklin H. Head.

Instead of saying anything in regard to the literary work of Dickens, I will say a few words in regard to a visit which I once made, when in England, to the home of Charles Dickens. The place had been sold, with almost everything it contained, soon after Mr. Dickens' death, the family expecting that the articles would bring more at that time than at any other. I was told that the purchaser of the Dickens' home was so bothered by people coming and wishing to go through the house, that he absolutely refused to allow any visitors to enter the house. I drove over to the place with an English friend, Sir Edwyn Dawes, and found, to my delight, that the family were in Scotland, leaving the house in charge of a maid. My friend said this was fortunate, as for two or three shillings, any English maid would take one through the house. We made this arrangement and were shown through the house by the maid in charge. The only article of furniture which the purchaser of the house had bought was the flat-topped library table, and a comfortable chair, which was where Dickens for many years did his work. In the room which was Dickens' library, we found some of the traces of his stay. The library had but one door, and there were book shelves running entirely around the room except where the door and windows were. On this door the book shelves which were on the walls were painted as running across the door, and on the door were titles created by Mr. Dickens.

There is a book published in England which contains the daily proceedings and debates in Parliament, which is known as "Hansard's Debates." These books are always bound in a particular way, so that they may be readily recognized. Painted upon the door were two shelves on which were painted these easily recognizable books, but the titles painted upon the volumes were "Hansard's Methods of Producing Refreshing Sleep." There was one shelf containing a representation of nine volumes, labelled "Cats' Lives." At the same time that I visited Dickens' home, I drove over to Rochester, and saw the Bull Inn, from which Mr. Pickwick and his club started on their famous pilgrimage. The people running the hotel are making the most of its connection with the Dickens stories. They show the rooms where all the interesting incidents happened, the route where Dr. Slammer started out to run away from his duel with Mr. Winkle, and point out the place where, both trying to escape, one overtook the other. In the dining room, the walls were nearly covered with pictures and autograph letters of Dickens, framed. The old hotel of the Leather Bottle is still standing, and the owners are full of legends as to the visits made by Dickens and his friends, where they would play the Pickwick Club. Mr. Dickens always playing the part of Pickwick.

When I was in London, in 1858, I heard Mr. Dickens give one of his famous readings. The story he read was the "Christmas Carol," and he was an inimitable reader, changing his voice so as to imitate all the different characters. Dickens was so

good a mimic that I feel sure he would have made a first-class comedian, of the type of Joe Jefferson or Sol Smith Russell.

THE TOASTMASTER:

I commend to the speakers that they read thoughtfully the lower lines on the menu and read between the lines, if they have not the faith that actuates him or her who asks for "more" tonight. It would be an impudence that would outreach the impudence of little Oliver.

We always have in the far off corners of Lincoln Centre, kept for special uses, several poetry machines, and all I need to do is to order one of them brought out, to be properly oiled and set agoing, and results follow. This time I got the janitor to bring down Miss Walker's machine and offered her any oil that was necessary. I think the machine has worked. Tonight we are "In Dickens' Land," and Miss Evelyn Walker will show us through.

Miss Walker:

Many of you know that my ordinary method of communication is by my voice, and I only attempt to write verse under severe provocation, but at Lincoln Centre our strong point is obedience, so I trust you will pardon me this one time, and place the blame where it properly belongs.

IN DICKENS' LAND

What though the morn be chill and gray,
And noon's dull tasks be mine,
If ever at the end of day
The lamps of evening shine
Upon that curious, motley band
With hearts all flame and fire,
In Dickens' Land, that All Man's Land,
That Land of Heart's Desire

Where David and his child-wife dwell,
And Agnes walks in white,
And Paul, and Floy, and Little Nell
Make joy in fields of light,
And Jo, and Dot, and Tiny Tim
And Scrooge, once scorched with saving fires,
And Nance, by love redeemed from sin,
And Caleb, Price of Liars,

And Little Dorrit,—flower was she
Of all that pilgrim band,
The angel of the Marshalsea
And Queen of Dickens' Land,—
The Cricket, and the Carrier's Cart,
The Kettle, that as kettles do,
Made bubbling song to cheer the heart,
And Baby, best of all the crew,—

All go their way,—I may but name
Of all that caravan
My own, my heart first learned to claim
And aye to meet them ran.
But each will bow before his own,
To some for Love's sweet sake,
And some for tender Pity's moan,
But all for chords that wake

The slumbering echoes of the heart
Mayhap in darkness cast,
The memories that live apart
In chambers of the Past.
I live again in Dickens' Land
All joy, all grief, all blessed pain,
And welcome all that life hath spanned
Of hopes, or fears, or gain.

O wealth unstinted in its store,
If sorrow, loss, or pain betide,
Unmoved I count thy treasures o'er,
What need I count beside?
Whatever Fate denied of Power,
What magic scroll escaped my hand,
I hold of Youth and Love a dower
Immortal yet—in Dickens' Land.

THE TOASTMASTER:

Until I went out the other day to visit the Chicago Normal School, I thought we had found a twentieth century successor to the master of Dickens' "Do-the-boys Hall" to speak on the next topic. We meant to furnish a contrast between the twentieth century school-master and that nineteenth century tyrant Dickens described. But I was disappointed for I found that it was a "Do-the-girls Hall" that Mr. Owens is managing. Yet I found a notable realization of the progressive pedagogy which Dickens did so much to further. The boys were indeed conspicuous by their absence. But speaking from the standpoint of Lincoln Centre, if Principal Owens succeeds in managing girls, we can trust him with our boys if they can ever be caught at his normal school.

[We regret to say we failed to make connection with the professor, and therefore cannot print his address.]

THE TOASTMASTER:

I wish that in addition to all that Mr. Owens has said, he had said a little more perhaps of Dickens' championing of the "impractical," —the "unnecessary," the "dispensable" element in education, but the indispensable element in life. I think Dickens belonged to that class of which one said; "Give me a few of the luxuries of life and I will do without the necessities," and in the face of this Grad-grind demand for practical training and technical education, of which perhaps we still have too much, I want somebody like our own lamented Colonel Parker, in the line of Charles Dickens, to make a plea for the "non-useful" in education.

Mrs. Wiggin's automobile is in a snowdrift or else she would have been here to speak for "The Dickens Children." Surely more dilapidated is a Dickens program without his children, than would be a Hamlet with the Hamlet omitted.

[Mrs. Wiggin has furnished her remarks which appear below.]

DICKENS' CHILDREN.

Mrs. Twing B. Wiggin, Pres. Arché Club.

Dickens has introduced me to many lovely people—people whom I have known and loved, not only during the reading of the books, but who dwell more vividly in my memory than many real people I have known intimately. It is always a foregone conclusion when a Dickens novel is begun that nothing and nobody need apply for attention during its perusal. Also one has such a sense of loneliness and loss when the book is ended—the same as when a dear friend terminates a delightful visit and two or three days are needed to get one's self readjusted and back in the regular routine.

It seems to me that Dickens wrote his novels with little children especially in view, and that the other characters are grouped about them as foils

for the activities of the children.

Mary Hogarth, Dickens' sister-in-law, who died at the age of seventeen, is said to have been the original of Little Nell.

Little Nell is one of the best known, as well as the best loved, children in fiction. She was patience and devotion itself to her poor, feeble, weak-minded, old grandfather, who was the companion and cause of her wanderings. She was thrown with all sorts of rough, dangerous people but apparently nothing could sully her pure little heart. She was a happy little soul in spite of the cares which developed a womanliness in her beyond her years. She was fond of play, sunshine and out-of-doors. One of her sources of recreation was to steal into the old church and spend happy, silent hours beside the tombs. A church full of tombs for a place to play! What would our Mr. Edward De Groot, superintendent of Chicago playgrounds, say of "The Social Value of such a Recreation Center?" Perhaps, it is as well we are spared and do not know.

Poor little unselfish Nell, who, when her feet were so sore and blistered, held her grandfather's hand and walked behind him that he might not see how lame she was, finally reached a haven of rest in a small village where her grandfather and she cared for the old church, showing it to strangers. But alas! little Nell never recovered from the hardships endured during her wanderings and soon she faded and one day was found by her grandfather in a sleep from which he could not waken her. She had gone, and many are the tears that have been shed all over the world for this delightful child.

Paul, of Dombey and Son, perhaps shares equal honors with Nell. He is a most interesting child and cannot fail to make a deep impression on the mind and heart of all who know him. The book is full of pathos and humor, and while Paul is not quite like other children, still, he is not a morbid, moping youngster, but a lovable little fellow. He was fond of play, but did not care for the rougher sports of most boys. One always thinks of little Paul as he sat in his high chair opposite his solemn, stern father, who loved him as dearly as he was capable of loving anyone, and intended he should be trained to carry on the great business of Dombey and Son. His beautiful sister, Florence, was his constant companion and the two children loved each other with a devotion neither felt for their father.

Paul was not well, and after a lingering illness, died. This old-fashioned, honest little boy had endeared himself to the public to such an extent that a writer of genius said, "His death threw a whole nation into mourning."

Charles Dickens was a loyal champion of all boys, and underlying his pen pictures of them, was an earnest desire to remedy evils which existed in London and the suburbs.

Poor Jo, the crossing sweeper of Tom-all-alone's, who was always being "moved on;" David Copperfield, whose early life was a picture of Dickens' own childhood; work-house-reared Oliver, Smike and the miserable boys at Dotheboy Hall were all living boys, and not creations of the author's vivid imagination. Dickens felt he must, in some way, alleviate the tyranny and oppression existing in schools and public institutions.

These novels, with the histories contained in them, so affected the London public that a storm of protest went up. Schools, work-houses and public institutions were subjected to earnest and vigorous examination and in consequence, many were closed, while all were greatly improved.

The wrongs and sufferings of children especially appealed to Dickens, and perhaps the most beautiful speech he ever made, was an appeal for money for the support of the London Hospital for Sick Children.

Speaking of sick children, who can forget Jenny Wren, the 13-year-old dolls' dressmaker, who used crutches because, as she said, "her back was so bad, and her legs so queer." We recall with pity her father, "Mr. Doll," a worthless old man, who squandered all her, as well as his own earnings on drink, and whom she called 'her bad child." Her pleasure was to go for walks with her friend, the good old Jew Riah. She would play that he was the fairy god-mother and she Cinderella. Her first wish always was that her bad, bad boy would be made good, then, if the god-mother was so disposed, and it was not too selfish, "would she please set her right in her back and legs. It is a little thing to you, but oh! a great deal to poor, weak, aching me."

Then there is the story of Little Dorrit, the child born and raised in the old debtors' prison, the only one of her family to escape the prison taint.

The fat boy, Joe, must not be overlooked, just because he was fat, had an abundance to eat, and when not eating was sleeping. Most of the other children had so many hardships to endure, that by contrast the fat boy is deserving of mention.

To children themselves, the pleasure of a close acquaintance with the many child characters of Dickens has been debarred, because they are so included, and interwoven, in volumes beyond the grasp of their young minds.

We are all so familiar with Scrooge and the Christmas ghost story and the Spirit of Tiny Tim whose childish essence was from God, that in conclusion, I will say as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us, every one!"

THE TOASTMASTER:

Another whom we are sorry to miss tonight is our genial friend and neighbor, Judge Waterman. Perhaps it is because he has no automobile to get stalled in the snow. He is learned in the law and would have given us a vivid picture of the many law courts depicted by Dickens.

I next have the pleasure of introducing one who has avoided the social Circumlocution Office of conventional morality and society; one who has learned, when necessary, to cut across the corners, and when duty and justice demands, to get there by the back way. Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley of the Frederick Douglas Center.

SOME MINOR CHARACTERS OF DICKENS.

Mrs. Woolley spoke from the topic, "Some Minor Characters of Dickens." After brief mention of Traddles and other characters in Copperfield, she gave a running sketch of Twemlow in "Our Mutual

Friend," with the Veneerings, Podsnaps, Lady Tippins, and other members of the circle which formed his social background. Twemlow was a modest little man, an upright gentleman whose place in the story is that of an unexpected, but shrinking Providence which is made to save someone else from disaster from time to time as the exigencies of the plot demand. He is in a constant state of bewilderment over the state of things in general and sits at the dinner-tables of his strangely-assorted friends with his hand pressed against his forehead which aches with wonder and dismay. Twemlow is the saving fact at that last dinner party which Mortimer Lightwood attends in his ever-active and useful character as Eugene Wrayburn's friend, to learn what society thinks of the latter's marriage to Lizzie Hexam, the waterman's daughter.

Dickens' finished workmanship appears in the delineation of his minor characters as that of every great novelist does. The multitude of men and women who crowd each other in the pages of Bleak House and Little Dorrit make up a community in themselves, each member of which, however humble and obscure, receives as careful treatment at the hands of his artist-creator as those that fill the major roles. Dickens was the master of the story within the story. We read him in bits and piecemeal in these later hurried days and choose the story of little Emily and the Peggottys for one sitting, Betty Higden's for another. The main narrative proceeds along a broad and open highway but we love to step aside and wander in the hundred and one little by-paths which reveal the beauty and nobility of lives that are passed in comparative obscurity known but by the few, but honored in the reading by the many.

THE TOASTMASTER:

We miss tonight Mr. S. T. Kiser, the man who has brightened what otherwise would be the gloomy and sombre columns of the Chicago *Record-Herald* for so many readers for so long a time. But the genial gentleman telephoned that his wife, at Evanston, was afraid that if he did not start early he could not reach home tonight on account of the growing storm. Even a poet can not overcome all the inconveniences of a "commuter," and we greatly miss him and his wife here tonight.

[But the readers of UNITY are permitted to read what would have been said.]

DICKENS AS A CARICATURIST.

S. E. Kiser.

People who thiink it a sign of cleverness on their part, to belittle the art of Dickens, have a way of saying that he did not draw his characters from life—that he was merely a caricaturist. They insist that there never were and never will be such people as he depicted. Pecksniff, Sairy Gamp, Micawber, Captain Cuttle, Sam Weller and all the rest of his peculiar characters, they tell us, are grotesque impossibilities, created merely for the purpose of adding spurious humor to stories that appeal to little minds. It is not worth while to argue with such persons. Long after they have been forgotten, the people who live in the books of Dickens will continue to delight the inhabitants of this earth. The strongest evidence that the people created by Dickens were real people is to be found in the fact that we remember and love or detest them, as they deserve to be loved or detested, while we are continually forgetting people whom we have known in the flesh. Then, again, we are continually meeting people whom we recognize as Dickens characters. When I was in San Francisco a few years ago, a friend of mine out there took me over to Alameda, across the bay, to meet a Dickens character. We found him living in a little house that he had built with his own hands. He had a long white beard and white hair that fell down around his shoulders. He wore his trousers tucked in his boots and had on a gray sweater and an old silk hat, which he fondled from time to time, as if it were the choicest of his possessions. His language was peculiar and picturesque—so much so that it would be barred from the mails and could not be repeated here, and in the house that he had built there were many mysterious trapdoors, hidden closets that were to be entered only through panels that opened by pressure on innocent-looking nails or screws, and he had rigged up an electrical system whereby he could lie in his bed and shoot a battery of guns that pointed toward all the windows. He claimed to be a philosopher and was writing a book in which he proposed to show why an egg was larger at one end than at the other. He was a Dickens character. I know a good old lady who always says "suppoge" when she means suppose, and once she told me how she had witnessed a balloon ascension at a county fair where she "saw the balloonist come down on his parasite." She is a Dickens character.

Another Dickens character whom I happen to know is a lady who has the medicine habit. She is never to be convinced that she is getting all that she should be getting out of life unless she is taking medicine or giving medicine to some member of her family. She insists on taking some kind of medicine all the time. If she does not happen to be ill she takes medicine to ward off illness that she is sure is threatening her, and she pursues the same theory in giving medicine to her children. There are unfortunately many such women in the world, and we need a Dickens to show up their folly as he showed up the folly of sending children to Yorkshire to be educated. I might tell you about dozens of other Dickens' characters whom I know or have known, but it is not necessary to do so for the purpose of convincing you that the characters to whom we have been introduced by Dickens were real people and not mere caricatures. You have your own Dickens' characters to convince you of that. But even if Dickens had been merely a caricaturist—if the people of his books were nothing more than fanciful impossibilities—we would owe him a great and lasting debt of gratitude. For we who have read his pages have been strengthened in our love of goodness and justice and have gained a lasting hatred of meanness. We have learned to be glad because of the things that are beautiful

and we have spent joyfully, many, many hours that might otherwise have been dreary and profitless. I read many of the stories of Dickens when I was alone, a stranger, in one of the great cities of this country. I was young; my income was so small that I could not indulge in pleasures such as most strongly appeal to a boy; I had to deprive myself of many of the ordinary comforts of life; but I look back on those long, cold winter nights with a joy that I owe to Charles Dickens, the friend of the humble, the enemy of oppression and the cheerful companion and comforter of the lonely.

THE TOASTMASTER:

We are happy in having found a professor of English literature and a university man who is not above a Dickens' enthusiasm, and it gives me great pleasure to introduce one who does not think it necessary to neglect his Dickens in order to show his appreciation of his Victor Hugo and Browning.

DICKENS' DINNERS.

Prof. Percy H. Boynton of the University of Chicago.

[Mr. Boynton, after presenting a theory of after-dinner oratory, in which he likened the speakers to the guides of a "Cook's Tour," begged leave to refer to his "Baedeker" and read the following, a portion of which is excerped from a chapter on "Dickens' London" in a volume on "London in English Literature" which he will send to the publishers (Crowell & Company) within a few weeks.]

Dickens' own life may be described as a succession of dinners. This might be considered an extravagant statement, but whose life isn't? The only difference between his and ours is that rather more were characterized by brilliant company and lavishness of scale. Though no man ever revelled more in feast of reason and flow of soul, he was by no means above the enjoyment of meat and drink. He writes to Forster: "You don't feel disposed, do you, to muffle yourself up, and start off with me for a good brisk walk over Hamstead Heath? I knows a good 'ouse there where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner and a glass of good wine," the house, still standing, being the far-famed Jack Straw's Castle. This was a modest meal. A better measure of his real capacity was a breakfast he once had when he was looking up data for Mr. Squeers.

"We have had for breakfast," he writes, "toast, cakes, a Yorkshire pie, a piece of beef, about the size and much the shape of my portmanteau, tea, coffee, ham and eggs."

Nor was Dickens above the joys of the cheerful glass. One of his social accomplishments was the making of a famous gin-punch which his friends described him as mixing with the cheerful manner "of a comic conjurer, with a little of the pride of one who had made a great discovery for the benefit of mankind." One hardly needs to point to the fact that his English generation drank more freely than does ours in America. Here is the way George Sala puts it:

> "The King of Prussia drinks champagne,
> Old Porson drank whate'er was handy,
> Maginn drank, gin Judge Blackstone port,
> And many famous wits drank brandy.
> Stern William Romer drinketh beer,
> And so does Tennyson, the rhymer;
> But I'll renounce all liquors for
> My Caviar and Rudesheimer."

Sergeant Talfourd, friend of all the eminent of his day, and no mean writer himself, was always "elevated" after dinner. Wilkie Collins was merely amusing to his friends, when on coming to a christening party after an excellent dinner, he gazed at the child in its mother's arms, steadied himself, looked solemnly at it and said: "Ah, child's drunk, he's very drunk!"

The happiest of Dickens' dinners were those he enjoyed with small groups of friends. The best of them were, perhaps, at John Forster's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the very quarters which he described as occupied by Mr. Tulkingham the Barrister. "I am told," he writes to one of his American friends, although no one needed to tell him, "there is a sound in Lincoln's Inn Fields at night, as of men laughing, together with a clinking of knives and forks and glasses."

There was a great deal of good talk, and that kind of informal jollity that well behaved people can have when they are not on their company manners. Certain of the men had their favorite songs, as, for instance, John Leach's "King Death," which Dickens once interrupted, saying in the midst of uproarious laughter, "There, that will do; if you go on any longer you will make me cry." There were even recitations. There was everything legitimate except formality.

Because he could indulge his boyish zest for fun even more freely with children than with adults, this Playboy of the Eastern World revelled in the holiday festivals. Here is what he says in 1842:

> "Oh, my dear eyes, Felton, if you could see me conjuring the company's watches into impossible tea-caddies, and causing pieces of money to fly, and burning pocket-handkerchiefs without hurting 'em, and practicing in my room, without anybody to admire, you would never forget it as long as you live."

And this followed in 1844:

> "Forster is out again; and if he don't go in again, after the manner in which we have been keeping Christmas, he must be very strong indeed. Such dinings, such dancings, such conjurings, such blind-man's buffings, such theatre goings, such kissings-out of old years and kissings-in of new ones, never took place in these parts before."

The best of all these familiar gatherings was the famous one in this same year when he came back from Milan to read his "Christmas Chimes" to a few friends. "Oh, Heaven, what a week we will have," he wrote in advance. We have record of two occasions in the week; one when he presided at the Shakespeare Club dinner and the other a few days later, when with Carlyle, Douglas Jerrold, Frederick Dickens, Maclise, and others, he read in Forster's rooms his Christmas Story, which was then in proof.

Dickens enjoyed this kind of occasion most, but he had a rare gift for making artificial after-dinner speaking at least seem like a natural thing. No episodes are pleasanter than the ones where Dickens and Thackeray were present together—the dinner of the Royal Academy where Thackeray told of his first rejected offer to illustrate Dickens' stories; a farewell dinner, with Dickens in the chair, as Thackeray was starting for America; a dinner

of the General Theatrical Fund where Thackeray was toastmaster and Dickens full of demonstrative affection for his fellow novelist. There were notable dinners in America—on his first visit, when Washington Irving as toastmaster predicted that he would break down, and did forget his speech when presenting "Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation." And the dinner twenty-six years later when he bade farewell to two hundred eminent Americans whom he had made his friends. It is not without interest to record what must have pleased the loyal Dickens himself—that the last time he dined out in London, within a fortnight of his death, he was invited as the guest of a noble lord to meet the King of the Belgians and the Prince of Wales.

Yet these actual occasions have no such fame as certain others in Dickens' own pages. There was Oliver Twist's dinner at the work-house where "a long grace was said over the short commons" and where Oliver made his historical request for "more." There was the most satisfactory meal provided by Dick Swiveller to the Marchioness in Sampson Brass' basement.

"There," said Richard, putting the plate before her, "First of all clear that off, and then you'll see what's next!"

The small servant needed no second bidding and the plate was soon empty.

"Next," said Dick, handing her the mixed drink, "take a pull at that; but moderate your transports, you know, for you're not used to it. Well, is it good?"

It was.

These repasts lack the domestic touch; but the dinner at which Traddles was the guest of David Copperfield and his child-wife was completely domestic. In fact, domesticity was almost the only feature. David was a perfect husband or he would almost have been annoyed that Jip not only walked about the table as usual, but made short runs at Traddles' plate, barking "with such undaunted pertinacity that he may almost be said to have engrossed the conversation." The shape of the leg of mutton made David wonder if the butcher had a contract for deformed sheep. Even at that it was not cooked enough, and the oysters were as safe in their shells as the securities in a time-locked safety deposit vault. They made out on cold bacon, and "a very enjoyable time was had." All these are instances of what a contemporary biographer has called "incomplete greatness."

Now for the splendor of Mr. Merdle's establishment. For Mr. Merdle did things in form. At least, Mr. Merdle's Chief Butler did. There was so much Powder in waiting that it flavored the dinner. Society had everything it could want and could not want. It had everything to look at, and everything to eat and everything to drink—and nobody enjoyed himself. Incomplete greatness once more.

But there was one dinner of which Dickens was the recorder where everything, every least detail, was exactly as it should have been. This was at Bob Cratchit's. The company was incomparable, for all the Cratchits were there. The food was incomparable—so much goose and applesauce and mashed potatoes—the little Cratchits so steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows—that no one observed how small was the plum pudding. The punch was pronounced perfect, two tumblers and a custard cup serving to dispense it, and the whole event was rounded out with Bob's toast to Christmas and Tiny Tim's response—"God bless us, every one."

In this spirit—the spirit of Christmas present—which can as well be present on the 21st of February as on the 25th of December, we know that were Charles Dickens here tonight, he would reply to our greetings in words in which he often used to express his friendship for many Americans; in words in which he called back to the pier as the ship drew him down New York harbor, away from America forever, "God bless you, every one."

THE TOASTMASTER:

We found a countryman of Dickens, one who was reared in the Dickens' country and is acquainted with the nature of which Dickens loved to speak, and the greater love of Dickens, his Love of Human Nature.

Rev. Percy Billings, of the Kenwood Swedenborgian parish, spoke first of Charles Dickens' splendid, well-focussed sight, alive with interest in people and things—the outer or physical sight, and the inner sight or imagination. Dickens' exceptionally strong sense of personality was next referred to—the power to sense and to combine and build into a living unit the various elements and characteristics of a personality. This meant that the man had a great respect and love for and interest in personality. Dickens' keen and thorough sense and appreciation of human and also of inhuman qualities and characteristics, and his love of the human and hatred of the inhuman was then touched upon. "The love of humanity and of human nature which is ensouled in the writings of this great man, together with the distaste and hatred for inhumanity, is the greatest good that can be gained from these books and is a real benefaction and nourishment."

THE TOASTMASTER:

Dickens, of all modern writers, least needed illustrators, on that account he most inspired the artists. This man who painted such brilliant pictures with his pen, provoked many creations of the brush and pencil to further enforce the lesson. Our next speaker is one who has given many successful years in teaching the children of the public schools of Chicago, not only technical skill with the pencil, but an intelligent appreciation of art and artists. Miss Lucy Silke, teacher of art in the public schools of Chicago.

SOME ILLUSTRATORS OF DICKENS.

Miss Lucy S. Silke.

It may seem strange to some of my friends that I should be responding to the toast "Dickens' Illustrators." My only venture into this enchanted field was as a child, when in a full skirted white gown that had been my mother's and with my raven hair twisted into long curls, I attended a Dickens' party

as Florence Dombey. In this interpretation, I have no doubt I was made to conform as closely as possible to the pictures in the first popular edition of Dombey and Son, with which the older members of the family were familiar. I suppose that those of you who are getting ready for the pageant next week are relying more or less upon that same series of pictures—a series made by men who worked under Dickens' personal direction.

How much we who love Dickens owe to this group of early illustrators, I suppose it is difficult for the majority of us to realize. Whether Dickens himself owed anything to them is a question. Undoubtedly he saw the children of his fancy with absolute clearness. As I think over his marvelously minute descriptions, especially of characters and places, I wonder if any writer ever worked harder to make his readers see what he saw, if any ever needed an illustrator less. And yet, because he has been illustrated by men who knew the types, the costumes, the homes, the country, the London of that day, we are most apt to think of Pickwick, of Mrs. Bardell, of Fagin, of Nicholas Nickleby and Little Nell, as these artists first presented them to us.

Of all Dickens' illustrators, this early group will best repay study. Among them were Seymour, Cruikshank, "Phiz," Maclise, Leech and others whose names are as familiar among artists as Dickens' among writers. Their insight into character, their dramatic sense, their skill in portraying with sympathy and in a few lines the joyous and amusing side of every-day happenings, had helped to popularize many an otherwise commonplace tale or periodical. When Dickens, also a master of characterization, but in the field of literature, appeared, and artist and storyteller began to work in partnership, the effect on the reading public was little short of magical.

It will be interesting to recall in this connection that Pickwick papers, the first of Dickens' serial stories to be illustrated, was not planned originally by Dickens himself, but was suggested by a publisher of the day, to whom Robert Seymour had offered a series of sketches. Kitton relates, that the two, already beginning to be known—Dickens through his "Sketches by Boz" and Seymour through his clever drawings, were brought into collaboration through Chapman and Hall, who thought the Seymour drawings would be more salable if some letter press accompanied them. The adventures and mishaps of a club of Cockney sportsmen, based upon observations which Seymour had made on Sundays and bank holidays, were proposed as a theme. After several writers of the day, among others, Leigh Hunt and Theodore Hook, had declined the commission, Dickens undertook it, stipulating, however, that the club should not be limited to amateur sports only, and that he should be permitted to take them through what adventures he saw fit. Thus were born the immortal Pickwick, the inimitable Jingle, the irrepressible Sam Weller.

Seymour was peculiarly fitted for this illustrious partnership by both character and training. Apprenticed originally to a calico designer, after a brief venture into painting he turned his attention to drawing on wood for engravers. Here his acquired nicety of touch, delicacy of feeling for line, proportion and character—the calico patterns of that day we know must have required all these, stood him in good stead. He died when only seven of the plates for Pickwick papers had been completed, yet so true to life are they, so full of the same keen sense of the ridiculous and insight into character that characterized Dickens' written descriptions of these absurd, yet human situations, that none of the long line of illustrators who followed him have been able to get very far away from them.

George Cruikshank, the second of Dickens' illustrators, was equally gifted, and very much in the same way. Stronger and more forceful than Seymour perhaps, but seeing life—and especially London life,—through the same eyes, he was well fitted to carry on the partnership so auspiciously begun. Cruikshank would no doubt have made a name for himself without Dickens, as Dickens certainly would have done without Cruikshank; but as the drawings helped to widen immensely the circulation of the story, so the fame of the writer gave permanence and significance to the work of the artist. So thoroughly was the work of each born of his individual experience that it was difficult for either to give full credit to the other. To Cruikshank the characters that he had created with his pencil seemed wholly his own. He grew increasingly impatient of Dickens' oversight and directions, and at last they parted company, though still friends. Cruikshank's eye for picturesqueness of line and dramatic movement will always distinguish him among the illustrators of his time. His absolute accuracy of observation as to form, texture and characteristic national and individual traits, make him an authority among the illustrators of Dickens.

That Dickens was exacting with his illustrators is well known. Like most men who are powerfully developed along one line of expression, he had little conception of the technique of any art but his own. After a lifetime of experience and the closest kind of co-operation with many of the foremost illustrators of the day, one of his biographers informs us that he suggested to Luke Fildes, who was to undertake the commission for Edwin Drood, his last book, that he show John Jasper creeping up the winding staircase, in total darkness, with murder on his face! And yet he seems on the whole to have grown less critical, more appreciative, as the years went on. Possibly the change in the character of illustrative art in England during this period had something to do with this. Seymour, Cruikshank, Browne and others of the earlier illustrators seldom resorted to the model. They drew somewhat as children draw, from a mental picture, using a form vocabulary which, while accurate in essentials, was as to finish, simple and slight in the extreme. They drew on wood mostly and were more or less dependent upon the engraver to interpret correctly their lines; or, they etched their own drawings on copper, in haste, for cheap editions, with the printer's boy—for Dickens was seldom ahead with his copy,—waiting at the door. The new school of which Millais became the head, while perhaps less deli-

cate in characterization, less full of fun, was vastly more skillful in the drawing of the figure, more dramatic in the use of dark and light, and more capable of interpreting the tender and serious side of Dickens' characters. This gradual change in the attitude of Dickens toward his illustrators and of his illustrators toward his work, prefigures, perhaps, a gradual change in the attitude of the reading public toward Dickens himself. In the first illustrations the ridiculous elements were emphasized, the natural human qualities of his characters were taken for granted, rather implied than expressed. The coming generation will hardly appreciate as did the last the humor in incidents no longer probable, and in customs and characters which are rapidly disappearing, at least to the outward eye. But the mental and spiritual counterparts of the men and women who live in old-fashioned garb in these pages are about us still. The future illustrator of Dickens will be able to see through the ofttimes comic exterior which made him immediately popular, to a humor deeper, stronger and vastly more worth while, a humor that laughs with men, not at them, a love of men and women as they are and a perception of and faith in the ultimate triumph of the best.

That love of artistic truth which characterized Dickens, which made him even take Cruikshank to task for having published a series of fairy tales retold in the interests of certain pronounced temperance tenets, must characterize the Dickens' illustrators of the future as it did preeminently those of the earlier group. There must be emphasis upon that quality which has been the keynote of this centennial, upon that friendliness, that golden light of affection and sympathy in which all his characters move. These his illustrators must feel as he did, or there can be no connection between text and picture. Dickens never knew personally his first and most famous illustrator; the kinship between them was one of insight and appreciation. No matter how long the interval may be and how many may try their hand at it in between times, the really successful illustrator will be the one who can uncover, with the outward picture of form and color, the deeper sympathy of his spirit. In the light of such an appreciation the exaggerations of the earlier pictures will, I feel sure, disappear, and the real underlying heart and purpose of the writer be more clearly revealed.

THE TOASTMASTER:

I do not know whether the next speaker is to exemplify or expound some of the reasons why Dickens is not more read today. As the president of the Niké Club, she must be charged with doing all that lies within her power to keep the women members of her club so busy that there is little time left them for Dickens.

Dickens, in writing to his daughter from the United States during his second visit, confirms the impression made by his first visit, that American women were "extra-ordinarily handsome." I take pleasure in presenting an American woman as the next speaker.

WHY IS NOT DICKENS MORE READ TODAY?

Mrs. Stephen M. B. Hunt, Pres. Niké Club.

In placing this question before three different groups of friends, the immediate response from two of them was, "He is." However, to place the emphasis on the "more," perhaps we may find some reason in the great abundance of reading material at hand. The daily newspaper has become a magazine, and a flood of excellent reading flows from the press of the best magazines of the country monthly.

This has become what we might almost call a short story age. The novelette or storiette is possibly the most forceful form of the day.

Electricity has given us immediate possession of so much, that we expect a complete and speedy unfoldment of things even beyond its realm. The censured moving picture show—the best of its kind—reveals a day, an age, a century in a short sitting.

A mother of eight who read "Dombey and Son," to the delight of her children now grown, is reading the best stories published on aviation to her boys of ten and twelve. So developments in many lines have affected the choice of reading.

While we realize fully, Dickens' wonderful portrayal of people, of the common people, who had not previously found their way into books to any extent, we do recall that they were all local people, and was not Australia as far as any one of them traveled?

We remember that he is sometimes melodramatic, often sentimental, and that some of the charm of his comedy is sometimes lost in broad farce. We remember, too, the length of Dickens' tales. Some of us take our taste of Dickens from the lips of one or another of those who come to us yearly to read his works.

But we do also remember the wealth of kindness and the abundance of laughter that Dickens has sent around the world. Though he has not been placed with the classics and may never be, we think of him as belonging there. And just as we look forward to an extra amount of time to write that delayed letter to our dearest friend, so do we look forward with keen and delightful anticipation to the day when we shall again have time to read and reread Dickens.

THE TOASTMASTER:

Chicago has been a more hospitable place to live in since Mr. Beals has come to live among us, and all of us have a higher ideal more closely perceived for his being with us. The cause he represents is so profound and imperative that in its presence all the other clamorous "issues" sink into insignificance. I have great pleasure in presenting to you the secretary of the "Chicago Peace Society."

"THE FEATHERS AND GORE BUSINESS."

Charles E. Beals.

Mr. Toastmaster, Big Brother:

I feel quite like a smug, oleaginous Pharisee this evening. When I think of my Evanston neighbor, Kiser, whose wife would not allow him to venture out into the blizzard tonight; and when I think of

my home, which, if not a "Bleak House," lies a bleak half-mile from the railroad station; when I think of my good wife, "Little Nell," who, thank God, is not fiction; when I think of the "Christmas Stories" I shall have to tell to explain my late arrival home tonight or tomorrow morning; when I remember that these stories after all may be taken in a "Pickwickian sense," I feel that I am very virtuous indeed in keeping my promise to be here tonight.

Some years ago I bought a fine set of Dickens' works for my children and became interested in rereading the familiar stories. I was then in the swirl of a busy city pastorate and the only time I could devote to Dickens was after ten o'clock in the evening. Night after night I sat up with Dickens until the "wee sma' hours." Up to that time I never realized that I had eyes. From that time I have had them, and I now have to be careful not to overwork them. For me to come here tonight to burn a little incense to the memory of "Our Mutual Friend" after the personal damage that Charles Dickens wrought on me, is "heaping coals of fire." Do you wonder that, for these two reasons, I feel as virtuous as a Pharisee?

There is much false reasoning about war. Ruskin, in the chapter on "War," in his "Crown of Wild Olives," (which Walter Walsh calls "the noblest human plea for the greatest of human follies"), paints the soldier as the one glorious character. He argues that art and noble sentiment can exist only in a land of soldiers; agriculture, commerce, manufacture and the other peaceful occupations are fatal to art and to nobility of sentiment. There are whole systems of philosophy, "made in Germany," based upon the apotheosis of "our splendid soldiers and our glorious ironclads." Gun men, with a tearful religious fervor, warn us that to abolish war means the death of altruism and all true nobility of character.

How did Dickens regard the soldier, "the fellow," as Herbert Ward expresses it, "who gets his living by being killed?" The great novelist introduces some thirty military characters into ten of his stories. With the exception of Corporal Theophile, Captain Thornton, and Richard Doubledick, I think, he paints them all as uncharacterized by any moral excellence whatsoever. Many of his sketches of soldiers are lampoons. The military gentlemen, under his pen, are either blustering, strutting martinets, liquor-soaked rascals, arrant cowards, swaggering hoodlums, rotten debauchees, sharpers and jail-birds, or colorless nobodies. The very names which he gave them are indicative of the contempt in which he held soldiers.

In his story "Prince Bull: A Fairy Tale," Prince Bull represents Britian. "Prince Bull had gone through a great deal of fighting, in his time, about all sorts of things, including nothing." Dickens bitterly satirizes the English government for its obstinate adherence to routine, and for its bungling prosecution of the Crimean War, the war concerning which Lord Salisbury, later, when Prime Minister, said: "We put our money on the wrong horse that time."

In this day when so much cant and superstition are being dealt out by the war-mongers, would that Dickens were alive to tear the mask from the hideous, silly, cadaverous countenance of war. Perhaps good Dr. Crothers will tell us "how to know the war fallacies," and amplify his doctrine of "The Bayonet-Poker," as an antidote to the cheap gun philosophy peddled out by "General" Homer Lea and Commander Hobson. Just to tell the plain truth about "The Feathers and Gore Business" will be sufficient.

THE TOASTMASTER:

One more of our poets is snowbound and feels the solitude of suburban life tonight as he languishes behind the snowdrifts at Oak Park. Although we miss the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Blanden, I have his lines which were offered with the strict understanding that they were to be read by your toastmaster. I am sorry he is not here to enjoy your appreciation of the same which form a fitting close to this Dickens' feast.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

C. G. Blanden.

Beyond the fleeting tribute of our praise
Is he whose fame illumes the world tonight,—
As much beyond as is the source of light
Beyond the fitful lamps that dot the ways
Of gardens, when, at eve, the glow-worm strays
About the gloom to flaunt his puny might;
And yet, though small, 'tis something to be right—
To keep our little torches well ablaze,—
Therefore let us the master's meaning find
And seek to speed his spirit unto Man:
So shall we praise him better than we know,
For if there ever was a soul whose mind
And heart declared the good Samaritan,
'Twas Dickens, mirthful, lessening want and woe.

I dreamed of Homer and of Helen's dower,
And lo! I heard the roar and moan of war,
The rumble of the madly-driven car,
The fall of many a cloud-communing tower.
I dreamed of Chaucer, and of Shakespeare's power;
I glowed; I thrilled; I thanked the vital star
That led my soul to realms that wondrous are,—
Yet still, apart, I dreamed within my bower.
But when into another realm I trod,
I wept, o'erjoyed, to feel a brother's hand,
Warm with the blood of every kindly grace;
And heard, or thought I heard, the voice of God,
Saying, "They serve Me best who understand
How best to heal the sorrows of the Race."

Then, wondering, I beheld a man indeed,
Not one who idly sate upon a throne,
Who feasted, laughed, and fed the people stone,
But one full-panoplied upon a steed,
Charging with steady lance outrageous Greed
And Wrong and Custom old, till, overthrown,
They bade the shrill retreating bugles blown,
And sank and died among the trampled weed.
Then saw I riding at the victor's side,
As back he came from his illustrious field,
A goodly knight, clad all in shining mail—
The hope of true Democracy revealed—
Who said: "Justice and Mercy shall abide;
Only through deeds is found the Holy Grail."

Eternal spirits, Legend and Romance,
That so do charm and so exalt the soul,
Weave not around us nets of full control,
Lest we forget the sweet inheritance
Of life today, the fruitful wide expanse
Of sympathy and love, the genial goal
Of Brotherhood. Yet, rather let the scroll
Of myth and chivalry no more entrance,
Than that we live too much in ages gone;
Still, helpful, let us mingle with the crowd;
Still win the blessing of some Tiny Tim;
Still weep for some Paul Dombey in his shroud;
For so, it seems, we glimpse the Larger Dawn,
Whose light is not of stars, but is of Him.

(Continued on page 62.)

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

(Continued from Page 61.)

THE TOASTMASTER:

And now we come to the end. As we part let us think of the "Dickens that Abides." He abides in the happier school rooms of England and America. He abides in the expurgated statute books of civilization from which have been expuged the cruel laws that imprisoned for debt, that visited untold tortures upon the criminal and reduced in number the gruesome fruit of the gallows tree. He abides in the more genial estimate of human nature, in the ripening prospects of the laboring man, in the greater fellowship of the same. He abides in the more sacred sanctions of marriage vows. He abides in that forward look that sends us each to our homes and our tasks with more courage to face a second centennial of Dickens.

Let us welcome that Dickens that abides, and take a new hold of the hand of the Charles Dickens that is to come to us by reading together the "Salutation" which Miss Ogden has given us for the title page of our program.

All hail Charles Dickens, Merlin of the pen,
Who makes the aging heart grow young again,
Who spurs the heart of youth to loftier goal,
And touches every chord in each man's soul;
We laugh, we weep, love, pray, at thy behest,
And in thy tales find heaven's high bequest.

Before dispersing, the chairman was instructed by a motion made by Mr. A. L. Penhallow, of the Hyde Park High School, unanimously adopted, to forward to the Board of Education the suggestion made at the beginning of the exercises by Miss Holbrook, that at the earliest convenience a public school building be named after the great educator, Charles Dickens. Subsequently such a communication was forwarded to the Board.

DRAMATIC SCENES AND PAGEANT

Monday Evening, February Twenty-sixth
8:15 o'clock
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PROGRAM

Song—"The Ivy Green". Pickwick Papers
Dickens' Library—His Dream.
"The Valentine"..... Pickwick Papers
Scene—"The Blue Boar."
Tony Weller.
Sam Weller.
Headquarters of "The Jacquerie"..
..... A Tale of Two Cities
Madame Defarge.
Mons. Defarge
"The Salon"..... Old Curiosity Shop
Scene—Home of Sampson Brass.
Dick Swiveller.
"The Marchioness."
"The Search"..... Bleak House
Scene—Street Crossing in London.
Lady Bedlock.
Little Joe.
"The Nurses Tea Party"..... .....Martin Chuzzlewit
Scene—Sairy Gamp's Apartment.
Sairy Gamp.
Betsy Prig.
"The Separation"..... David Coperfield
Scene—Room of the Micawbers.
Mr. Micawber.
Mrs. Micawber.
David Coperfield.
"The Conference—11 o'clock p. m... .....Oliver Twist
Scene—Bill Sykes' Room.
Bill Sykes.
Nancy Sykes.
Fagin.
"Wal'r is drownded".... Dombey & Son
Scene—Capt. Cuttle's Rooms.
Capt. Cuttle.
Florence Dombey.
Walter Gay.
"Mr. Pickwick gives advice on how to propose marriage"..... .....Pickwick Papers
Mr. Pickwick.
Peter Magnus.

Costumed Characters for Pageant will assemble in the Browning Room at 9:45 o'clock.
Reception by Charles Dickens in Emerson Hall at 10.
Grand March at 10:15.
Automobiles at 12.

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When thoughts of children warmed their light, or when
Reverence of age with love and labor worn,
Or God-like pity fired with God-like scorn,
Shot through them flame that winged thy swift, live pen.

Charles Algernon Swinburne.

SERMON STUDIES by Mr. Jones. Sundays, 11 a. m. 4, 18, 25—Dickens the Novelist; Dickens the Sociologist (Little Dirritt); Dickens the Democrat (Tale of Two Cities.)
February 7.—Moving Picture Show (David Coperfield) 3, 4:30 and 8 p. m.
February 21.—Dickens Banquet 6:30 p. m.
February 26.—Dramatic Scenes 8, 9:30 p. m.
February 26. — Pageant and Costume Party Dance, 9:45 to 12:00 p. m.

General Committee

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